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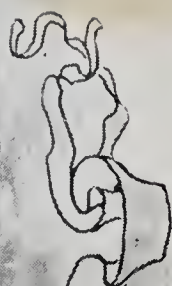
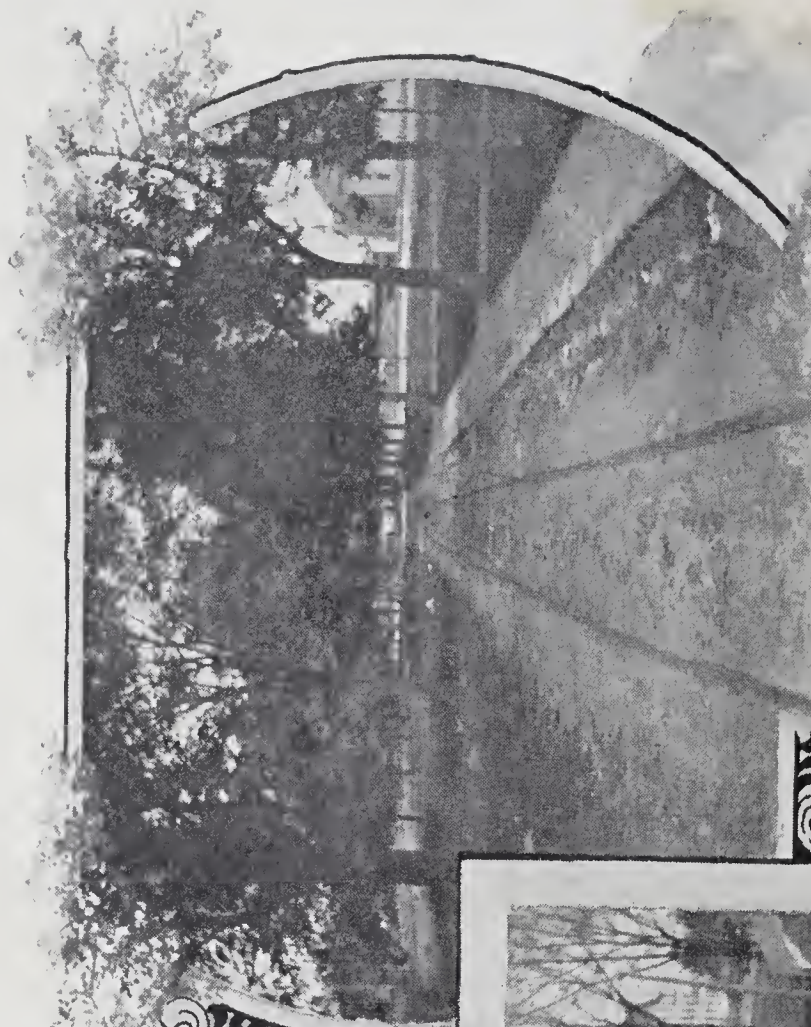
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THE OXONIAN.

December, 1899.

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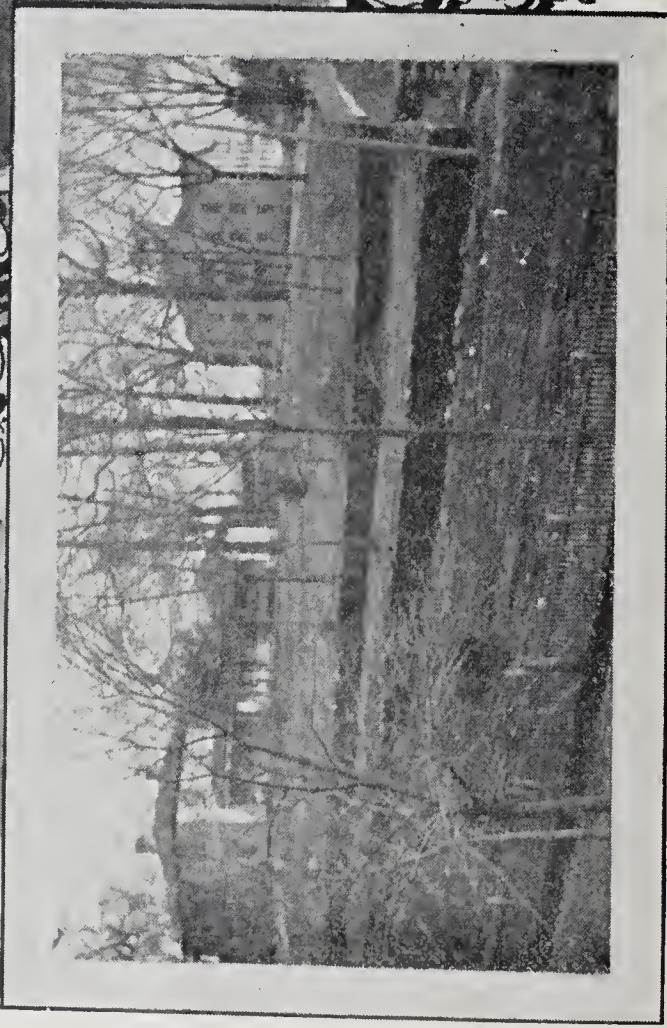
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ENTRANCE TO SCHOOL



VIEW FROM THE WEST



THE OXONIAN

VOL III.

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THE OXONIAN.

DRINK SONG OF THE FALL.

E. B. KENNA, IN "THE MOUNTAINEER."

Death of the waning year,
Fall of the year to rest;
The hound's voice rises clear
From the woods on the mountain's crest,
Quaff of the Autumn's wine
Divine,
Quaff of the hunter's drink;
Fruit of no vine is this draft of mine,
Quaffed from the Winter's brink!

Flavor, of untold heights;
Bouquet of the pungent air;
Color, the wavering lights
That halo the mountains there.
This is the wine of the Fall,
And all
Of the love of life is this –
To sip of its cup and then fill it up
And tipple the Autumn's bliss!

Oh! who would dalliant be
When the cry of the hounds is clear?
Dead in his heart is he
Who holds not hunting dear.
When the whirr of the rising bird
Is heard,
And the roar of the answering gun,
My heart is glad, delirious mad;
For the feast of the Fall has begun!

Life of the mellow year;
Joy of the hunter's quest;
The end of the day is here,
Sit by the fire and rest,

DRINK SONG OF THE FALL.

Rest and talk of the day,
And say
When the hunt of the day is done,
'That man ne'er had a dog less bad,
Nor ever a better gun.

Joy of health is yours,
And health and heart are dear.
From the flask of the Fall outpours
The tippie to sooth and cheer.
Quaff of the Autumn's wine
Divine,
Quaff of the hunter's drink;
Fruit of no vine is this mystic wine,
Quaffed from old Winter's brink.

SOME THOUGHTS ON KING LEAR.

King Lear is to me the grandest evidence of Shakespeare's power. It has not the etherial daintiness of *A Midsummer Nights Dream*, and if I sought to be amused I would prefer *The Tempest* with the mischievous Ariel and the misshapen Calibau to Lear with Goneril and Regan. I would not read King Lear were I looking for consolation in grief or seeking to delight my soul with the contemplation of airy nothings woven into fantastic forms of beauty, for King Lear is painful, even though Cordelia, like a pure lily springing from the mud of a marsh, makes the play beautiful; but were I looking for food for thought, seeking to know the soul of man, then I would read King Lear, for in this tragedy Shakespeare has written the most profound secrets of psychology. The deepest truths are written so clearly that he who runs may read, but it is well to journey through the pages of Shakespeare not as a sight seeing tourist getting but a panoramic view as one great truth after another flashes before the vision, but as a geologist investigating each crystal truth for itself and breaking each of the harder ones with the hammer of thought to know the secrets of its heart.

To speak of Shakespeare's literary style—to try to reduce his method of composition to a set form, to determine his secrets of style, is a fruitless task. His style is as varied as nature herself is various. His command of words is so prodigious, his vocabulary so copious that to say that to say he leans to either Saxon or Latin words would be wrong. It is truer to say that he uses the word that expresses to a nicety the exact shade of meaning he wishes to convey. His art is consummate and his skill unlimited. In brief his style is orderly, grasping, tender and vivid, as clear and

SOME THOUGHTS ON KING LEAR.

calm and lovely as a mountain lake on a summer day. His every pen touch has a meaning. Each sentence is a mosaic laid with an eye to the ultimate end which is a picture as chastely done as a vatican Raphael. In his dramas we watch with awe the struggles triumphs and defeats, which almost seem the triumphs of his unmatched soul; we can feel the beating of a simple warm heart the mate of which can be found under the first homespun coat you meet on the highroad, and yet he was the wisest of men. He did not pluck fruit from the tree of knowledge; he shook the tree and gave with a lavish hand the fruit which fell.

Since Shakespeare's time many poets have quaffed deep draughts of inspiration from his peerless lines; and where in the literature of the world could they find a purer source of inspiration than in his writings? He fascinates us now by the playfulness of a satire which never wounds now by the depth and truth of his intuitions sublimity of his imaginations and his vast range of thought. By the exhaustless energy of his creative fancy he conjures into our presence a multitude of men and women whom he himself has made who have a place in our memory, who become the objects of our detestation or of our love, of our scorn or of our admiration as truly and as really as if we had taken them by the hand sat with them conversed with them and heard their voices. By the witchery of words which lends its voice to every nicest shade of human folly or human greatness, of human vice or human virtue, he keeps our minds rapt in suspense over the histories of the creatures of his genius, the crises of their destinies and the inevitable catastrophe, be it ludicrous or tragic engendered by their foibles or their crimes: and as if they were not enough, by a yet mightier spell he carries us beyond the limits of the known creation into imaginary

spheres of existence, whose denizens are presented to us in no fantastic attributes of improbability, but in forms so true and real that we feel almost as if we had known them before and accept them without question. The ancients used to say that those nightingales that nested near the tomb of rock moving Orpheus on Mount Libethus in Thrace sang sweeter than any others: is it strange then that poets who build their ideals near those of heart moving Shakespeare should sing the sweetest songs?

My praise of Shakespeare may seem exaggerated but I have written using my heart as a divining rod whereby to discover the gold of true poetry. My heart has told me of so few lapses from the highest plane of poetical thought or artistic expression, that I prefer not to hunt for defects. The man who would complain of defects in King Lear would call attention to the spots on the sun. There are enough cavers and carpers ever ready to tear down and destroy ideals. I prefer to judge by sentiments of the heart; for the heart is a lover of the beautiful. When a line a stanza or a poem instils a good sentiment into my heart; then I love that line, that stanza, or that poem. The tendrils of the heart like those of ivy cling closely to those things to which they are attached, even when that to which they cling is destroyed, they still run greenly over the ruin and beautify what they cannot hide.

The poets of a nation are like gardens from which come the most beautiful flowers that are pressed between the sorrow-laden pages of centuries. In beginning that poem which some has called a "a tangled labyrinth of sweetness" Endymion Keat says:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

This is perfect truth. Things of beauty imbedded in the hearts of song like butterflies buried in amber last forever. The lofty monuments of antiquity have crumbled

SOME THOUGHTS ON KING LEAR.

to dust and mingled with the nameless ashes of forgotten men who reared them, but we know the name and even the color of the eyes of some fair shepherdess who waited in the gloaming for her lover's kiss when the setting sun threw its last lingering rays upon the golden images that capped the monuments of Babylon. Mighty navies that were to conquer the world have strewn the sands of the sea with their shattered hulks, but argosies of song launched far beyond the misty horizon of the past have sailed majestically down the stream of time bearing their cargoes of beauty as fair and fresh as when, in the babyhood of time, they were launched from the poets heart.

The poet is the priest and devotee of the beautiful and Shakespeare is the greatest of poets. Of him we can truly say with James Russell Lowell "The poet has a fresher memory of Eden and of the path leading back thereto than other men, so that we might almost deem him to have been conceived at least if not born and raised in the shadow of those dimly remembered bowers, and to have had his infant ears filled with the divine converse of angels, who then talked face to face with his sires as with beloved younger brethren, and of whose golden words only the memory remained to him vibrating for ever in his soul and making him yearn to have all sounds of earth harmonize therewith. In the poets lofty heart truth hangs her aery and Love flowers scattering thence her winged seeds with every wind of heaven."

When the sun shall go down on the last day of the world if on that day of wrath and despair men have thought of anything else than the salvation of themselves Shakespeare will be remembered. His fame shall shine

"Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

for he is immortal and will be loved by men

Till the sun grows cold
And the stars are old
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold."

ANNEK B. DRAWDE.

THE FLIGHT OF THE CALLING HEART.

Heard you not a song last night
When the sounds of day were still
And the pale moon's dreaming light
Silvered meadow, vale and hill,
And the brooding stars were bright?

Heard you not a song faint sung
As if the eerie notes were sped
From the hours when time was young
And love's fair dreams were hallowed,
When everywhere the joy bells swung?

Heard you not when silent lay
The drowsy hum of summer's noon,
When stilled the ghostlike mists of gray
The crickets chirr, the night winds croon
A passing song that sped away?

A silent song of mystic tone
That sang of thoughts ineffable;
A song of times long aeons flown;
A song of now—a song to tell
The thoughts that all the ages own.

One heart the choir of hearts shall be
To hymn the love of every heart,
For heart is heart, to you, to me,
And art of heart, or heart of art,
God's joy is love—for love is He.

From heart to heart, through space of space,
The silent song shall ever sing!
While lights of love two bright eyes grace
The calling song craves answering
From distant bourne or face to face.

THE FLIGHT OF THE CALLING HEART.

When chill the cold of winter falls
And leaden dead and gray the sky,
When cold has woven samite palls
To shroud the waters where they lie
Across the waste my soul still calls.
And calling ever calls on you
To light the winter of my love;
To smile—and, smiling, change the hue
Of sullen skies that frown above
From winter's gray to springtime's blue.

Heard you not this call last night
When the gloom of dark was here?
Heard you not the song's far flight
Over meadow, wood and mere
Calling, calling in its might?
For my heart when day was done
And the time of dreaming came
Sped the courses of the sun
Like the leap of living flame —
Sped the wings of thought upon.
It sang a song for your dear ear
Of hopes that will not blasted be;
A song I pray you dear to hear,
'Tis all the joy of life to me—
Hear the song—the voice is clear.
Hear and give my loving hope:
Let love shine out the darkness through,
Let me not in darkness grope
Feeling that apart from you
I must tread the valley's slope!
In my heart let blossoms bloom;
Showers of joy to light the way
From this night of loveless gloom
To the light of lovelit day
Where all is song and sweet perfume.

THE OXONIAN.

Heard you not a song last night
When the sounds of day were still
And the pale moon's dreaming light
Silvered meadow, vale and hill
And the brooding stars were bright?

Heard you not this call last night
When the gloom of dark was here?
Heard you not the songs far flight
Over meadow, wood and mere
Calling, calling in its might?

The sound you deemed the night wind's sigh
Whispering through the darkened tree
Was the anguished, longing cry,
A pleading for the joy to be,
A hope that I may love you—even I!

—EDWARD B. KENNA.

AUT DIGS AUT MULLUS.

AUT DIGS AUT NULLUS.

“He speaks an infinite deal of nothing.”

BURTON HOYLE SMITH.



“Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice.”

ROULHAC.



“Repair thy wit good youth lest it fall to cureless ruin.”

SPENCER HANES.



“If ignorance is bliss” Thompson is happy.



“Mislike me not for my complexion.”

W. H. LEE.



“Hard as a block of nether millstone.”

JARVIS’ HEAD.



Kerr Craig says that Glenn is “sentimentally disposed to harmony but organically incapable of a tune” and John Glenn still sings.



“And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.”

BEAR’S HEAD.



“As the Ox goeth to the slaughter,” Lichenstein goes to his class.



“A wise son maketh a glad father.” How glad Judge Winston must be!



“The eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth.”
Tom Farrar! Eyes to the front!



L.—Why is Bohannon like Oom Paul?

B.—Give it up.

L.—Because he is chief of the boers (bores).

THE OXONIAN.

Will make their marks in the world—Kerr Craig's shoes.



Hill—Who stole Major's cuff buttons?

Jackson—I don't know. Didn't know they were gone.

Hill—You didn't! Didn't you hear him say that the links was his—and was taken?

Jackson has a fit, a spasm and an attack of laughter before he can explain that delinquencies are not link buttons. Hill falls in a fainting fit but recovers when the signal for mess sounds.



Prof.—What are the peculiarities of the Gulf Stream?

Fleming—Its many inhabitants.



Major—What are the three angles of a triangle equal to?

Jackson?—They equal a simple altazmath. (Major sends for a vinegrette).



Prof. Oldham “Compare semper!”

McAden—“I can't do it Professor. You can't say always, alwayser, alwaysest.” And Prof. Oldham still plays tennis.”



(In English Class.)

Prof. Craige—Distinguish between the active and passive voices?

R.—Active voice is the voice acting and passive voice is the voice passing.

Prof. C.—Decline boy.

R.—Puer-pueri etc.

Professor Craige gives him one hundred for his newner, adjourns class and goes for the mail.

THE LAMENT OF THE FIGHTING MAN.

THE LAMENT OF THE FIGHTING MAN.

I've heard the sudden thunder of a rising flock of quail;
I've heard a rattler whirring in the hills:
I've heard the sounding thunder and the hellish hurtling hail,

I know the hunter's joy, the sportmans thrills—
I know the hunter's joy, I have felt the hunter's pain.
I have trod the woody fastnesses from Florida to
Maine,

I have hunted ducks and deer,
Faced a grizzly without fear,
But a woman's eyes have conquered me, I hide my
wound in vain.

I'm a coward out of hand,
And the speeches I have planned,
Go flitting from my memory when I try to talk to her,
In her eyes, dear, dark and deep,
Words of weighty wisdom sleep,
And I feel so all-fired foolish, I could just sit down
and weep.

I have swum the wide Potomac, have shot the falls of
Cole.

I have dared the rushing waters far and wide
I have drum-cast in the breakers, have fly-fished on
the shoal,

Have hung a shark at falling of the tide.
I have faced all sorts of dangers in sunshine and in
rain,

I have braved the wild wood perils from Florida to
Maine,

I have fought with beasts of prey,
And I never ran away.

But now I am a captive in her dainty silken chain.

THE OXONIAN.

I'm a coward out of hand,
And the speeches I have planned,
Go flitting from my memory when I try to talk to
her,
In her eyes, dear, dark, and deep,
Worlds of weighty wisdom sleep,
And I feel so allfired foolish, I could just sit down
and weep.

I have seen the vivid lightning of a sheet of living
flame,
I've heard the tale the singing bullets tell,
I have laughed with joy of fighting when men lives
were all the game
The game that is the counterpart of Hell.
I have feared no kind of fever, I have shirked no kind
of pain,
I would fight for love of fighting from Havana clear
to Spain
But I fear to face her eyes
When the flashing lovelights rise
And her lilting little laugh I can't explain.

I'm a coward out of hand
And the speeches I have planned
Go flitting from my memory when I try to talk to
her,
In her eyes, dear, dark, and deep,
Worlds of weighty wisdom sleep,
And I feel so allfired foolish, I could just sit down
and weep.

--E. B. KENNA.

Obituary.

Ben Long's Death.

The saying that death loveth a shining Light applies so perfectly to the sad death of our friend and school-mate Benjamin F. Long, Jr.

While connected with the school Ben easily won the good opinion of both the faculty and the cadets and in fact was held in the highest estimation by all, a strong, dashing, stalwart youth who had before him the brightest possible prospects. The numerous honors bestowed upon him were a sign of his popularity. He was captain of Co. B. and under his careful guidance and supervision at the competitive drill in June his company won the colors from Co. A. who had held them for six consecutive years. He also held the position of fall-back on the Horner eleven.

He left Horners in June and entered Chapel Hill in September where he was staying at the time of this terrible tragedy. While waiting at University Station for the train going to Raleigh, which he was to board, he stepped back to give the incoming train the track when he was struck by the Chapel Hill train which was shifting on the side track. He was forced under the cars where he suffered untold agony until his extraction which was about thirty minutes later. He was carried to Mitt's Hospital in Durham, his father and mother being telegraphed for, his father arriving in time to see him breathe his last. The remains were carried to his home in Statesville, N. C. where they were interred in the presence of the many sympathizers who came to pay their last tribute to one who is now with God and rests from his labors.

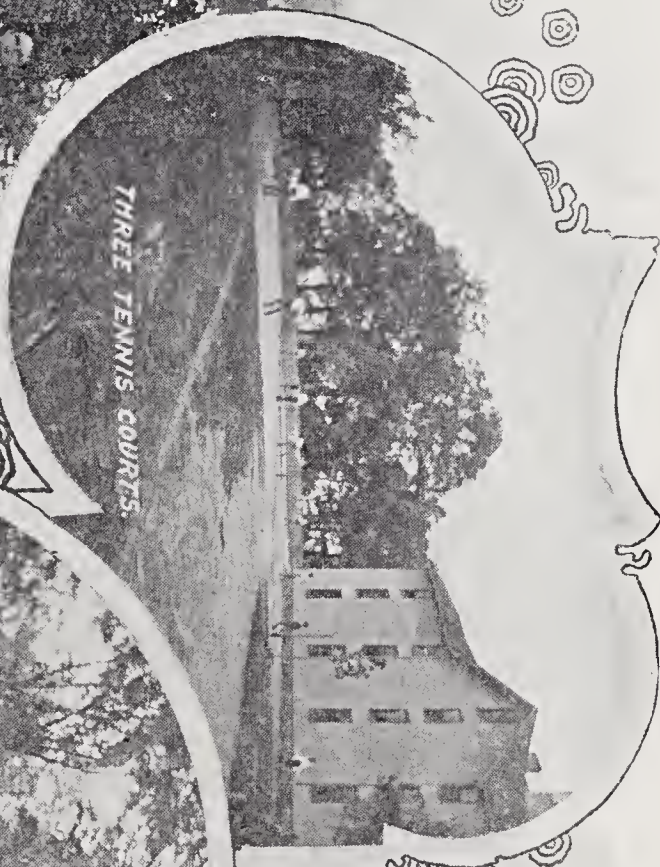
MY KNOWLEDGE.

I know those fleecy clouds that lie
 Athwart the sky
Afire with opalescent hue
 Have sailed o'er you
And seen the wondrous glory of your eyes
And now are whispering to the wondering skies
 Their glad surprise.

I know the breeze that whispers there
 Caressed your hair,
For now it fills the love bright hours
 With breath of flowers
And hints and breaths of perfume; mystic, rare,
Of kisses sweet and pure as mountain air
 My lips pressed there.

Where high the loftiest leaflet swings
 The mockbird sings,
I know the bird has heard you play
 The old sweet lay;
I know the mockbird knows my heart's keen pain
For hark! I hear the heartsong once again,
 Your viol's strain.

I know in all of earth or air
 I find you there,
The mockbird's song, the cloud's bright hue,
 Tell me of you,
I know that when my hopes of fame uprise,
When I have striven hard, I seek the prize
 In your deep eyes.



BICYCLE CLUB

THREE TENNIS COURTS.

MY KNOWLEDGE.

God grant me this: when life has flown,
And, I alone,
Face Him upon the throne of white,
I may be right,
And that among the angel hosts that grace
The corridors of that celestial place
I see your face.
And seeing, love you as I do;
And be so true,
Through aeons of eternity,
That you must see
What time's brief span could never fitly show
Without your love heaven's bliss is taint with woe
I love you so!

—ED. B. KENNA.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC MEET.

It will be of interest to all North Carolina Collegians to know that the colleges of the state are to have an opportunity to compete with each other in field and track athletics. This branch of collegiate athletics in the large universities of the north is held of as much importance as baseball, and football the two branches of athletics most cultivated in South. The outcome of the Mott Haven games is the subject of as much discussion and conjectural criticism as the other great contests on the diamond or gridiron and the rivalry for supremacy in the linen suit as great as that for success and championship in moleskin or in flannel. This is a state of affairs to be greatly sought for. All things to be perfect must be well rounded and complete and the athletics of no college can be thorough without a well trained and competent track team.

The great incentive to endeavor in athletics is the possibility of comparison by contest and so all lovers of field and track athletics will be glad to know that arrangements have been completed for an intercollegiate field and track athletic meet to be held on the grounds and track of Horner School at Oxford some time about the middle of May. A handsome silver trophy in the shape of a loving cup valued at one hundred dollars has been procured and will be awarded to the college whose team scores the highest number of points in the various contests. The team winning the cup will have the privilege of having its name engraved on the cup and of keeping possession it until in another annual intercollegiate meet another college has plucked the championship laurels.

The usual fourteen events will be contested and the published program of events will be adhered too rigidly and strictly.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC MEET.

The officials will be competent and disinterested and competitors may be confident that the rules and regulations of the Amateur Athletic Union will be followed and enforced. The principal of Horner School will attend to the preparation of the grounds and will have the track in the best of condition. He will have on hand all things necessary for the contests.

It is to be hoped that every college in the state will have its representative team entered. Every team cannot win but the mere fact that a college enters a team shows that in that college there is a wholesome interest in healthy athletics that is bound to be of benefit to any educational institution. The best method of improvement in any branch of endeavor is by contest and by entering a team now a college plants the seeds that will bloom into the successful team of the years to come.

The day is not far distant when there will be intercollegiate contests for the championship of the South and when the time comes the colleges of the Old North State do not want their colors to be behind at the crossing of the tape. The best way to insure success in the days to come is to act in the living present and build up a track team with which to represent its Alma Mater with credit and renown.

It is to be hoped that the college teams will begin their training with indoor work that will be a good preliminary training for the harder work of outdoor practice that immediately proceeds the contest.

The trophy cup for the contests will be on exhibition at the store of Serwood Higgs at Raleigh Dec. 11th to 18th. Dec. 18th to 21st at Chapel Hill. Dec. 21st at Durham.

Editorial.

IN this the first editorial utterance of the year the OXONIAN wishes to impress upon the minds of the students that the OXONIAN is not an ornament but a useful adjunct to the literary work of the school. It is to be primarily the organ of the students, and its columns each month are to be filled with contributions from their pens. Any article of interest to the boys if it be of sufficient literary merit will find a glad welcome to its columns. Poems, essays, short stories, pastels - any of the shorter forms of literary compositions will be in demand.

The OXONIAN wishes the cadets to bear this in mind and being cognizant of it; not to allow their thoughts to remain dormant in the cloistered corridors of their brains, but to give fruition to the seed that is in them, and grace the columns of their school paper with flowers of thought of sufficient sweetness to make the paper redolent of the good will of its supporters.



THE OXONIAN'S chief unction, is to give voice to the opinions and thoughts of the students, whether these thoughts be upon subjects grave or gay; whether they be of subjects athletic, or intellectual, the OXONIAN is glad to be the means of their public expression. The publishing of the thoughts of men, is bound to give color and correctness to their manner of expression, and beyond this is bound to influence the manner of thought. It invites criticism and discussion, and criticism, adverse or favorable, as the case may be, is the very best intellectual winnowing. To give impetus and inspiration to the original thought of the cadets is the greatest good of which a school paper is capable, for to instigate original thought and research and at the same time to give proper direction to these

EDITORIAL.

thoughts, is the highest aim of any educational institution. With the co-operation and hearty support of the school that will be the task of the OXONIAN.



THE OXONIAN craves the highest and best support of the boys for itself but this is not a selfish request, now one which is made with any purpose of detracting in any way from the interest which the boys show in other matters of school importance. Far from this, to give support to the OXONIAN is to proclaim yourself a supporter and an enthusiastic supporter of all branches of school and company spirit, and an admirer and forwarder of all things for the benefit and improvement of Horners'. It is the modest ambition of the OXONIAN to see Old Horners' rank as high in the fields of athletic emprise as she always has in the fields of intellectual achievement. The highest and broadest form of education is that which broadens and sharpens the mind, in exactly the same proportions as it develops strengthens the muscles. A well rounded man is he who is sound in mind and body. The ideal student of the present day and generation is not the puny, sallow faced, hollow chested, midnight oil burning, bespectacled, owleyed student of the past, but a broadshouldered, stalwart, ruddycheeked, bright-eyed young athlete who does not have to burn midnight oil to achieve distinction in class because his exercise on the diamond and gridiron has made him clear brained and active physically and intellectually and of such a nature that his tasks are easy because of the very intrinsic power and force of himself. To convince the boys of the value of this well rounded education is the aim and hope of the OXONIAN.



THE football season which has just passed was, under the circumstances, a success. The organization of the

management came too late to admitt of the arrangement of many games, and for this reason we did not have a change to cross swords with the other preparatory schools of the state. The only game arranged with another school was declared off by the timid action of an always cautious and caretaking men. The team won from the second team of the University which scalp is an honor to the wigwam of any preparatory school. But the football season is past and its reasons and results are now the subject of discussion with the "I told you so" philosophers. It is the part of all Horner boys to look forward and not backward. And so it is wise to forget football for this year and look to baseball. The manager has been elected and every one knows his willingness and capability. All that remains is to give his actions the support they deserve and form a managerial standpoint the season is an assured success. It remains to the boys themselves, the boys capable of playing baseball by their own endeavors to get material for a first class team. The OXONIAN feels that a word to the wise is enough, and that when that when the spring time paints the field an emeral hue there will be enough embryonic Rusies, and Mercers and Ansons, and Jennings, etc., out to ensure the formation of a team that can by its prowess place the banner of purple and gold as high above the color of the other schools in the state, as the purple and gold of the setting sun gleams above the dark grey hill of the horizon.

SPORTING NOTES.

Sporting Notes. ❁ ❁ ❁

Old Gold and Purple on top. U. N. C., Reserves 6, Horner 10.

The above score tells the tale of how the U. N. C., Reserves were beaten by Horner, Tuesday, Nov. 6. The day was all that could be desired for football and when the train brought in the Varsity athletes, every one went wild with enthusiasm as it was the first game played on the school grounds this season. The game was called at 1:30 o'clock, by referee Canady. Hobgood acted as umpire. Both officials gave the highest satisfaction. When the teams lined up it appeared that our chance for victory was very slim as the Varsity outweighed us at every point, but by much skill and trickery Horner soon had the ball near the goal and by hard hitting in the line went over for a touchdown. Varsity not making their touchdown until the last half. Kenna won the game for Horner by kicking goal from the field on Carolina's 30 yard line, Shirley did the running work for Horners', Latham was conspicuous in every play, while Kenna, Oldham and Devin made the line quiver with heavy blows. Turrentine at quarter was as quick as lightning. The playing for Carolina was done by Oldham, W. Craig and Carr.

Below is a detailed account of the game.

Game begins with Carolina defending north goal, Horner kicks 15 yds. Latham obtains ball for Horners. Kenna goes through line for 6 yds. Shirley around left end for 8 yds. Kenna hits line for 3 yds. then again for 6 yds. Devin hits line for 1 yd. Kenna hits line for 4½ yds. Kenna goes through centre for 3 yds. On fumble of Horner, Brem gets ball for Carolina on Carolina 3 yds. Long kicks 15 yds. out of bounds,

THE OXONIAN.

Horner's ball on 18 yds. line, Oldham J. skirts end for 5 yds. Roberts is substituted for Reynolds who is hurt, Shirley goes around end for 12 yds. Kenna follows through line for touchdown but fails to kick goal.

Time, 4 minutes and 35 seconds.

Score, Horner 5, Carolina 0.

Brem kicks to Horner's 25 yd. line. Latham gets ball and advances 12 yds. Devin goes through line for 9 yds. Pritchard hits line for $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. Kenna hits line but is thrown back $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. On fumble of Kenna's, Turrentine gets ball and gains 4 yds. Ball goes over on downs. Oldham W. gains $2\frac{1}{2}$ yds. through center. Craig gains 8 yds. Oldham W. gains 4 yds. Craig gains $4\frac{1}{2}$ yds. Craig hits line again for 5 yds. Oldham W. fails to gain. Long hits line for $2\frac{1}{2}$ yds. Craig hits for 3 yds. then again for $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds. Long goes through for 4 yds. Oldham W. gains $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. Craig hits line for $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. but Turrentine obtains ball and advances 1 yd. Latham gains 8 yds. around right end. Turrentine gains 3 yds. on double pass. Kenna hits line for $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. but Latham loses the gain and gets ball on Turrentine's fumble. Kenna then makes a beautiful punt of 55 yds, Makely getting ball. On fumble of Long's, Kenna gets ball on Carolina's 27 yd. line. Oldham J. gains 1 yd. through line. Kenna attempts goal from field, but the kick is blocked, Long for Carolina obtaining ball. Carr is substituted for Craig, who is hurt, and goes through line for 4 yds. Carr tries again but fumbles and Oldham W. obtains ball, make a beautiful run of 21 yds. and is beautifully tackled by Turrentine. Oldham then goes through line for 8 yds. but time is called with ball on Carolina's 39 yd. line.

Score, Horner 5.

“ Carolina 0.

SECOND HALF.

Brem kicks off for Carolina to Horner's 17 yd. line.

SPORTING NOTES.

Kenna receives ball and advances 7 yds. On fake kick Turrentine loses 4 yds.

Carolina's tackle is off side, Horner gaining 10 yds. On delayed pass Shirley makes a beautiful run around end for 27 yds. Kenna hits line for $2\frac{1}{2}$ yds. Oldham around right end, but loses 6 yds. Shirley fails to gain the required distance and ball goes to Carolina on downs. Long goes through line for $2\frac{1}{2}$ yds. Oldham W. through tackle for 4 yds. Long gains 2 yds. On fumble McIver for Carolina gets ball and loses 2 yds. Oldham W. gains 10 yds. then makes a beautiful run of 27 yds. Faust gains 4 yds. Carr goes through line for 8 yds. Kenna gets ball on fumble of Carolina on Horner's 3 yd. line. Kenna hits line hard for 16 yds. then again for 10 yd. but Horner is off side ball going over. Oldham W. goes through line for 6 yds. Faust circles end for 8 yds. but is beautifully tackled by Shirley. Carr goes around end for 3 yds. Oldham W. gains 9 yds. and makes a fumble, but ball is caught by Shimpson. Oldham W. hits line for 10 yds. He tries same again, but fails to gain. Oldham again fails to gain. Carr then gets ball and goes over for a touchdown.

Brem kicks an easy goal.

Score, Horner 5.

“ Carolina 6.

Kenna kicks off to Carolina's 10 yd. line. Makely advances ball 17 yds. Carr makes a beautiful run of 35 yds. around end, but Devin gets ball on a fumble. Devin makes a gain of 7 yds. Kenna gains 2 yds. Shirley loses 4 yds. Kenna goes through line for 6 yds and makes a punt of 45 yds. Makeley advances 8 yds. but Shirley gets ball on fumble. Kenna hits line for $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. then with $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes left for play, he drops back and kicks a beautiful goal from field at a distance of 30 yds. Carolina kicks to Oldham J. who advanced

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7 yds. Kenna through line for 1 yd. Shirley skirts left end and is down field for 30 yds. Oldham J. gains 2 yds. Devin goes through line for 6 yds. Oldham J. hits line for 4 yds. Kenna attempts goal from field, but fails. Makely gets ball advancing it 7 yds. Oldham W. gains 5 yds. but time is up.

Score, Horner 10, Carolina 6.

Time of halves 20 minutes.

Referee, Cannady.

Umpire, Hobgood.

Timekeepers, Weil and Jackson.



Upon an ideal day and with an excellent attendance. Horner played hard fought her best game of the season at Wilmington, on Thanksgiving Day. And although it was evident that the game to Wilmington. Score, 5 to 0." Wilmington team outweighed us at every point, and played with all the advantages of grounds, &c., yet Wilmington acknowledges that they were the hardest points she had ever won.

Horner's popularity with the Wilmington people was shown by the amount of old gold and purple colors displayed.

The encouragement of the side lines, especially that of the young ladies, was greatly appreciated, as was the royal manner in which the team was entertained throughout its visit.

Moore and McRae, who came to Wilmington for that purpose, played the game for Wilmington. Hatch and Lenburg also deserve praise. Kenna, Latham, Hill, and Shirley deserve special mention, for their beautiful runs, blocks and tackles were the features of the game.

The game was called at 3:20 and breathless interest

SPORTING NOTES.

was manifested throughout the entire game. The following is a detailed account, clipped from the Wilmington Messenger:

"The football game Thursday afternoon at Hilton park between the O. A. N. Club, of this city, and Horner Military School, of Oxford, was a very excellent exhibition of scientific football. The day was ideal, perhaps a trifle warm, the crowd, which was a good one, was in good humor and the players were in the very pink of perfection. It was seen on the line-up that Wilmington's players were much heavier than the visitors and the school boys deserve much credit for the really excellent game they put up.

The field was in rather poor condition, but that was equally disadvantageous.

Nearly every one wore the colors of their favorites and on the grandstand it was difficult to tell which predominated, the red and blue (O. A. N.) or the old gold and purple (Horner school.)

At 3:20 o'clock the game was called and from that time on, during the two halves, great interest was manifested by the spectators. Some beautiful runs, long punts and magnificent tackles were scored to the credit of each eleven.

Hatch, Moore, McRae and Lenberg played especially strong games for Wilmington, while for the visitors, Kenna, Shirley and Hill did excellent work.

The decisions of the umpire and referee were perfectly fair and the game was clean throughout.

The following is the report of the game in detail:

FIRST HALF OF GAME.

Captain Kenna wins toss and decides to defend the southern goal.

Wilmington kicks off to Horner's 23 yard line; ball goes out of bounds. Wilmington kicks again, this time to Shirley on the 18 yard line, who advances ball

12 yards before being downed. On double pass Shirley skirts end for 6 yards and Kenna on close formation gains 6 yards. On the same play Kenna advances 2 yards and on double pass Shirley gains 4 yards. Turrentine gains 9 yards on double pass to quarter and Shirley 11 yards. Horner advances 1 yard and Kenna bucks line for 4 yards. Ball goes out of bounds and is brought in. On a quick line-up, Shirley skirts end for 26 yards and Turrentine loses eight by double pass. Shirley again advances the ball, this time 3 yards. Ball now on the 24 yard line and Kenna tries drop kick from the field, but fails. Ball brought out to 20 yard line and Wilmington kicks 27 yards to Oldham, who makes a fair catch. Kenna then kicks 40 yards to Hatch, who makes a fair catch, but is tackled, thus giving Wilmington boys 15 yards. Hatch kicks 32 yards to Shirley, who brings the ball back 6 yards. Shirley, on double pass, fumbles and McRae gets the ball. Moore goes through guard and tackle for $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards and Hatch over centre for 2 more. McRae gains 18 yards by skirting left end and Hatch through centre advance 2 yards. Moore goes around right end for 5 yards and then over guard for more, then through guard and tackle for 6 yards and on same play for $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards more. He then skirts right end for 1 yard and gains another $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards over guard. Ball goes over to Horner on downs, on Horner's 4 yard line. On close formation Kenna gains $\frac{1}{2}$ yard and Shirley gains $2\frac{1}{2}$ on fake kick. Kenna goes through line on close formation for no gain and ball goes over on downs on Horner's 8 yard line. McRae goes around left end for 4 yards. Moore fumbles and Shirley obtains the ball on Horner's 7 yard line.

Shirley loses $\frac{1}{2}$ yard on double pass and Kenna kicks 44 yards to Hatch, who makes a magnificent run, without interference, for 26 yards.

SPORTING NOTES.

Moore, around right end, gains 5 yards; and McRae around left end for 6 yards. Pinner tries to skirt end, but is forced out of bounds with a loss of 5 yards. Sinclair gains 5 yards and McRae 3 around end. Ball goes over on downs on Horner's 7 yard line. Turrentine on double pass gains 4 yards and on same play loses $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Kenna punts outside, Hatch secures ball on Horner's 29 yard line. Hatch kicks 30 yards for touch back. Ball brought out to 20 yard line and Kenna kicks 36 yards. Hatch fumbles but obtains ball. Time called with ball on Wilmington's 56 yard line

Score — O. A. N. o, Horner o.

SECOND HALF OF GAME.

Horner kicks to Wilmington's 10 yard line and Hatch advances the ball 11 yards. Sinclair loses 2 yards and Moore gains $\frac{1}{2}$ yard around right end. Hatch kicks 20 yards; goes out of bounds, ball brought in and on quick line-up Shirley advances the ball 28 yards around right end. Shirley tries end but for no gain. Kenna, on close formation, advances 5 yards and again on same play falls to advance. Shirley goes around end for $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards and Kenna again tries goal from field on 24 yard line, but fails. Ball brought out to 20 yard line and Wilmington punts to 55 yard line to Hill, who gains 12 yards. On double pass Shirley advances $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards and on same play loses 2 yards. On quarter back kick Kenna kicks 18 yards and Pinner obtains ball. Moore goes over guard for 6 yards gain and Hatch over centre for 3 yards. Moore over left guard and tackle advances 4 yards and on same play gains $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. McRae goes through right guard and tackle for 2 yards and Moore gains $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards and then loses $\frac{1}{2}$ yard, but gains 4 yards around left end; then goes over guard and tackle for 5 yards. Then $4\frac{1}{2}$, then 3 yards. Hatch advances 7 yards over line and McRae goes around end for 7

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yards. Through guard and tackle Moore gets 2½ and McRae fumbles, but obtains ball with a loss of ½ yard. Moore around right end adds 9 yards to his records and McRae on a beautiful run makes 18 yards around left end. Hatch goes through line for 1½ yards gain and Moore goes over for a touchdown. Goal being so difficult to kick, Hatch punts out and Horner obtains the ball, thus Wilmington loses its chance at goal.

Score—O. A. N. 5, Horner 0.

Ball brought out to middle of field and Horner kicks to Hatch on Wilmington's 10 yard line. He muffs the ball and Sinclair obtains it, making a gain of 10 yards. Hatch goes through centre for 2 yards. Moore over guard and tackle gets 2, 8, and 4 yards and on off-side play of Horner, Wilmington gets 10 yards. Moore advances 3 yards, then for no gain and then around end for 18 yards. McRae skirts end for 28 yards, and time up with Ball on Horner's 28 yard line. The halves were respectively 30 and 25 minutes long.

O. A. N. AND HORNER LINE-UP.

The line-up was as follows:

O. A. N.		Horner.
Hergenrother	c.....	Outlaw
Lemberg.....	r. g.....	Gooch
Watson.....	l. g.....	Glenn
Morton.....	r. t.....	Kimball
Brunson.....	l. t.....	Pritchard
Pinner.....	r. e.....	Shirley
Sinclair.....	l. e.....	Latham
McMillan.....	q. b.....	urrentine
McRae	r. h. b.....	Hill
Moore.....	l. h. b.....	Oldham
Hatch.....	f. b.....	Kenna

Umpire—J. D. Bellamy, Jr., 3rd.

Referee—J. A. Tate.

Linesmen—Alston, of Wilmington; Gregory, of Horner

Timekeepers - M. Bellamy, Jr., and J. W. Jackson, Jr.

SPORTING NOTES.

Scrubs Victorious. Horner's second foot ball team played their first game, October 21. On the school gridiron against Durham High School. Horner won the game by the easy score of 21 to 0.

The game was hard fought throughout but the absence of anything but clean foot ball was a noticeable and pleasing feature. The success of the second team was due to the practice against the first team, and the coaching of Kenna. From the time the ball was first kicked until time was called for the first half the Horner eleven, played with a snap that told on the Durham team's wind. Horner scored three times in the first half, and only once in the second.

Both teams displayed pluck, and each entered with the determination to win. The ball was twice on Horner's four yard line, but each time Durham's fierce line rushes or quick end plays, failed to win them a touchdown.

The scientific way in which the second team played, showed that they had profited by the instructions of coach Kenna and also made evident the fact that Horner has good material for a crack school team next season.

The individual playing of Emerson, Gregory, and Armstrong was the feature of the game from a spectacular standpoint, but it was the consistent team work of the whole eleven that made the good showing of these men possible.

Locals.

Mr. Burton Craige attended the marriage of Miss Watts to Mr. John Sprunt Hill at Durham.

* * *

Captain Cox of Co. C. stopped over at Tarboro on his return trip from Wilmington.

* *

Perry has returned after an enjoyable visit home at Henderson.

* * *

Murphy spent Thanksgiving with his brother at Chapel Hill. He reports having a very enjoyable time.

* * *

Troy and McAden passed Thanksgiving in Raleigh. They were present at the A. & M. vs. Oak Ridge game.

* * *

We enjoyed the presence of President and Mrs. Geo. T. Winston of A. & M. College Thanksgiving.

* * *

C. A. Bynum 99, now at the University spent a few days with us. We enjoyed his visit very much.

* * *

Mr. Fred M. Hanes, one of our staff visited his home at Winston last Thursday.

* * *

Liut. Harrison has returned from a pleasant stay at home.

* * *

Moore visited his home at Mt. Tirzah where he spent Thanksgiving.

* * *

Our two heartsmashers, Jarvis and Thompson lavished their affection on the fair sex of Henderson Thanksgiving.

LOCALS.

Bishop Cheshire the Bishop of North Carolina was in Oxford a few weeks ago the guest of Mr. Horner.

* * *

We enjoyed very much a visit from Bishop Horner of Asheville, and regretted very much that his stay at home was so short.

* * *

While on a trip to Wilmington Outlaw, in describing the advantages of Edenton said: "It is a fine little place. They have a daily steamboat that arrives three times per week."

* * *

Quite a crowd of boys accompanied the foot-ball team to Wilmington. Among them were, Foster, Emerson, Meares, Armstrong, Davis and Jackson. Principal Horner accompanied them.

* * *

Mrs. Judge Winston (nee Miss Horner) and children have returned home after a visit of a few days at the school. While here Mrs. Winston visited the Bazar, given by the ladies of the Episcopal Church, then in progress at the armory.

* * *

We are very sorry to announce that on account of protracted rheumatism Brockett has had to go home. We sincerely hope that his health will enable him to resume duties after Xmas. His many friends wish him a speedy recovery.

* * *

We are glad to learn that some of our old boys are getting such responsible positions after leaving school; Nash, who was at Horner's a few years ago is now doing well with Paterson, Downing & Co. the big naval exporters of Savannah, Ga. Leary who was here last year is with the Bruce Grocery Co., a large wholesale house of Norfolk, Va.

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every one knew that the end of the most enjoyed intermediate dance ever given by the cadets had come. Music was furnished by the Oxford Band. The following is a list of those who participated:

Miss Carr with B. H. Craige.
Miss Coggeshall with E. B. Kenna.
Miss Joyner with H. G. Shirley.
Miss Maggie Currin with T. H. Hill.
Miss Williams with H. H. Philips.
Miss Jones with T. M. Meares,
Miss Cannady with A. T. Pritchard.
Miss Landis with T. Thomas,
Miss Hargrove with J. B. Murphy.
Miss Britt with F. P. Turrentine.
Miss Thorp with G. W. Riddick.
Miss Biggs with J. W. Jackson, Jr.
Miss Taylor with T. M. Webb.
Miss Currin with J. M. Oldham.
Miss Nell Currin with Brooks Parham.
Miss Gregory with H. A. Millis.
Miss Harris with J. D. Latham.
Miss Landis with R. P. Jarvis.
Miss Bennett Gregory with W. T. Blackwell Jr.
Miss Bernhardt with A. H. Chatham.
Miss Horner with S. Pender.
Miss Hobgood with E. Landis.

CHAPERONES.—Miss Horner, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Coggeshall, Miss Hilliard.

STAGS.

McCaden,	Thompson,
Roulhac,	Shannanhouse,
Lee,	Farrar, T.
Hanes, S.	Farrar, E.
Hoffman,	Cox,
Cheshire,	Kenan,
Foster,	Perry,
Harrison,	Armstrong,
Lichenstein,	Davis,
Hanes, F.	Williams,
Staton,	Tucker,
Emerson,	Fowler,
Pennington,	Gregory.

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J. M. OLDHAM, A. M. (University North Carolina).

T. H. FOWLER, A. M. (Washington College, John Hopkins).

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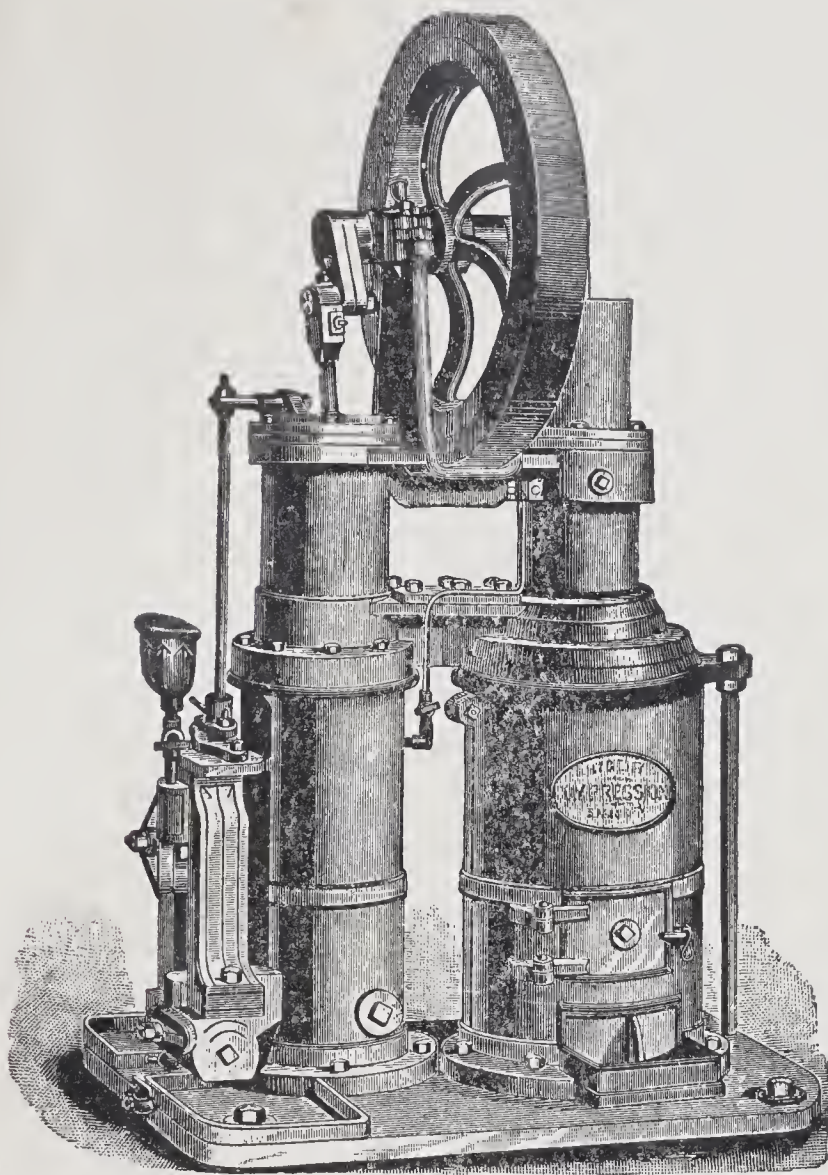
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THE THRUSH'S SONG.

Soft through the forest, when twilight is falling,
Clear as the sound of a fairy swung bell,
Plaintive and low as Euridice's calling,
Sweet as the breath of the fay asphodel,
Ringing and swinging, caressing and singing,
The dim lighted aisles of the forest along,
Lilts through the silence the wood thrushes song.

Breath of the wildwood and perfume of flowers,
Murmur and whisper of low lisping streams,
Love that the nymphs knew in violet bowers,
When life was all loving and troubles were dreams,
Love's life in the strain of it; hope in the pain of it,
Down through my soul drifts the song from above,
Falling and falling and evermore calling—
Sweetheart, I love you, Love you, my love?

ED. B. KENNA.

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A TWILIGHT REVERY.

It is the end of a dreary day; the blue of the sky is hid in a veil of dull gray mist. It is raining softly, a fine, cold, rain that seems to come from any and all directions and to penetrate everything. Through my window I see the naked branches of the wet trees, black and lifeless; the slowly accumulating water makes little tear-like drops that run slowly down the underside of the sloping twigs and drop, drop, drop to the soggy grass below. On the needle-like leaves of the pines the drops hang like teardrops on the lashes of a weeping child. Not a breath of air disturbs the dull, dead quiet. The earth lies like a drowned corpse enshrouded in the dank cerements of rain and mist.

In the west,—where, last night, the sunset gleamed and glowed like the light from the furnace of some wizard alchemist, who strove to turn the dross of sorrow into the gold of joy—the light is gone, and the sky dead and cold, as if the old, hopeful dreamer, bereft of his hopes and illusions, were dead, and in his furnace nothing but dead ashes.

Out on the lawn, where, yesterday, the birds flitted about in joy and reveled in their wealth of winter warmth and sunshine, one solitary crow lends a sombre contrast to the dirty green of the wet and ragged sod.

The windows are closed but still the room is achill with the clammy damp of a rainy

winter day. The continuous drip of the water, falling from the eaves above, splashing in dull reiterant persistence in the ditch just outside my window, dreary and cheerless though it be, sets my soul adreaming of another rainy day, when, through the deepening gloom of a summer twilight, we heard the drip of a summer rain that sparkled down through the perfumed air; through the leaves of the blossom-laden vine that embowered the porch where we sat, and tinkled a soothing song as it dropped on the silvery pebbles of the walk below. I find myself linking note to note to the cadence of the falling water, until, in the drip of the loveless rain, I seem to hear the dainty melody of an old song, the song that Carmen sings:

“Love unfurls his wings above thee,
And a wondrous, wondrous story does declare
Thou loves't me not and yet I love thee
And if I love thee, then beware.”

The music thrills through my heart as it did that evening in the long ago, when in the dawn of the perfection of a new known love I heard your violin sing it.

I am alone in my room. It is so dark that I can hardly see the outline of your picture on my table. I am sitting near the window to get all the light I can so that I can see to write. The room is growing black with the fast accumulating shadows, but I can gaze afar off into the darkness of the room and see you as you played that song. I can

see every movement of your figure swaying with sympathy for the music. I can see every ripple of the lace on the loose sleeves of your gown as it moves with the motion of your arm. I can see your face, the face of a perfect woman, and your eyes dark and deep as the mystery of a human heart, but honest as the light of the sun. In their depths I can see the fires from which, at your simple word, sprang the light that lit the world of my soul, dispelling all its gloom and darkness as truly and as perfectly as the dark of the world was destroyed, when, through the chaotic darkness of primordial creation, above all the clash of warring worlds, was heard, and obeyed, the God said mandate, *Fiat Lux*. Your bow seems to caress the strings of the grand old instrument that you play until it seems to know the very soul of the music in your heart and to tune its vibrant strings to every shade of the music that you love; and in the song there is a cadence of joy for the violin rejoices in its power to sing the thoughts of a heart so pure.

You were standing just a little to the left of the piano; the window was behind you and I saw you, against the golden light of the sunlit west, like an angel haloed by the aureole of her own glory. Oh! if you could but know, how, ever since that time, I have held you in my heart, enshrined in the holy of holies of my life, crowned by the glory of my love! If you could but know that while you

played upon the strings of that old violin, you played upon the tense strings of my longing heart a melody that will still vibrate in my soul when the wood and strings of the instrument you played shall have become dust; for while your violin ceases its song with your touch, and is itself perishable; my heart shall sing its song of love until the human soul is dead; and the soul of man will last till eternity is done. Man made the violin and made it well; God made man's heart and made it better; and once the chords of a true heart vibrate with love, the heart shall ever be afire with melody.

Do you think of these things as I do? I wonder if you do? I hope you do for the joy to me is great; and yet, and yet I would spare you the pain. Is it not strange that those things which are sweetest have in them the salt of tears?

Some one has said that of those things which we know less we can write better, for, as our ignorance becomes knowledge, the ideal becomes the real. It may be that we can write best of things of which we know least, but to me the real is the ideal. I can write best of things I know least because the things I know best are of you, and the most blessed things that men know are too sacred to find expression in words. Some thoughts are so divinely ineffable that they cannot find a home in anything so tangible as mere words. These are the thoughts that sing between the lines of a

poem; the thoughts that throng about the notes of some old thing of Mendelssohns, played by one whose heart is full of music and who has loved—and lost; the thoughts that spring up in a poet's heart with the rippling melody of a wren's song in the spring, when the snow has not yet left the sheltered nooks on the hillside, when the maple spears are not yet red, when the earth is pregnant with promises of life, of bright sun and grateful shade, of perfume and of color; these are the thoughts that come to a mother when her baby dies; the thoughts that are the essence of poetry, the tear-thoughts of deep hearts.

There may be poetry in a smile, but tears are poetry; anticipation, longing and possession may be great parts of love; but memory is love. The joys which we long for in love may be heavenly, but the memory of the past joys of perfect love is heaven itself.

To me there can be no more exquisite pleasure than the contemplation of past joys. Not even the hopes of the future with all its possibilities of happiness with you, for the thoughts of the future are vague while my memories of you are as delicately and clearly wrought as a perfect cameo, each part a separate, exquisitely wrought carving in cherrystone; the thoughts of the future are tinged with possibilities of woe and of doubt and fear, for death lurks in the future; but the thoughts of the past are unalloyed, and death's awful self cannot rob me of my memories for I know

that even in heaven the purest and best of my life shall be mine, and the purest and best are my memories of you, and so these memories shall be my legacy of joy from this life.

But the sun has gone down and the world is dark. My pipe is out and cold, I cannot see to write, but even as I write in the dark the rain ceases and a wild wailing wind springs up in the north. Far over in the eastern horizon there is a rift in the clouds; wider and wider it opens and brighter and brighter it gleams, until, like the dawn of hope, the red moon peeps over the edge of the world. The darkness is gone, and, as the moon rises higher, the drops on the grass and trees gleam like so many diamonds. The gloom of the day is past and the glory of night is here. Into my room the moonlight beams until it streams across my table and falls caressingly on your picture. I open my window and lean out, drinking in the beauty of the night. From the dead pine on the hill across the valley comes the querulous, pleading cry of an owl. There is silence—the dreamy silence of a moonlit night.

I light my pipe and then rejoice in my dreams, for, enshrined in the clouds of fragrant smoke that curl and wreath in forms of fantastic beauty, that gleam opalescent in the light of the moon, ever changing, ever the same, looking on me with eyes of hope, I see your face.

ED. B. KENNA.

THE OXONIAN.

HOW CAN I, LORD ?

How can I, Lord, forget your love
When every breeze that sighs above
Is fraught with perfumes sweet and rare
To breathe to you an endless prayer?
How can I, Lord, forget your wrath
When, written on the planets' path,
Through endless space, with pen of light,
I read your name upon the night ?

How can I, Lord ? But yet I do!
Despite the breezes' prayer to you,
Despite the word athwart the blue,
Forget, Oh Lord, I do, I do!

How can I, Lord, forget your power,
When in the heart of every flower
So dainty, sweet, and fair of hue
Is traced a wondrous word of you ?
How can I, Lord, for mercy hope
When in these darkened ways I grope?
How can I hope your love to win
Deep groveling in the filth of sin?

How can I, Lord ? But yet I do!
A worthless word ; a heart untrue,
Are all, Oh God, I bring to you,
But hope for mercy, Lord, I do.

ED. B. KENNA.

THE SONG OF THE WHITE EAGLE.

"When I came into the room I saw Jack and Edith standing by the table. He was showing her his curios, souvenirs of many days spent in many lands. He had trophies from all climes and countries—the Kyak paddles of the Esquimaux, the assegai of the Zulu; the bolas of the South American Herdsman; the blow gun of the Amazon Valley Indian. And just now he was showing her a shell; a conch having nothing to distinguish it from other shells of the kind except the fact that it had one end broken off and cut into a rude mouth piece.

"Well, Jack, what is the value of that? I don't see anything peculiar about that shell," Edith asked.

"I don't suppose you do," replied Jack, "but still I value it more than anything I have. It is not an ordinary conch by any means."

"Why do you attach so much value to it?"

"It has a peculiar quality and a history that makes it of great interest and value to me. I will blow it and see if you can detect the peculiarity. A woman never has been able to notice it, but maybe you can."

And Jack put the conch to his lips and blew. Instead of the harsh toot of an ordinary conch there came from the shell notes clear, penetrating and sweet! Jack played an air of wonderful weirdness, at first soft as an

interlude, resonant and thrilling in the power of the passion it portrayed. Then, without warning, the air seemed taken up by a deep wonderful contralto voice, a voice of infinite feeling and so clear and harmonious, that every vase in the room seemed to ring in accord with its music. The voice was singing in an unknown guttural, barbaric tongue. There was no one near but Jack, Edith and myself, yet, while none of us was singing, there still sounded through the room this weird chant, this warlike song, first fierce and challenging, then growing wild as in the fury of conflict, then sinking into a dirgelike, mournful air. Then there was a momentary lull, and the song burst forth again. This time it was the very insonation of hate, full of a vengeful note that thrilled the soul with horror; then came a period of searching, querulous notes, sad and plaintive, but with the strain of hate and vengeance still ringing through it like a knell. The song finished with a burst of barbaric triumphal music.

By this time I had come out of the shadows by the door and was standing near Jack and Edith, but so engrossed were they by the mystic song of the conch that I was unnoticed. For a moment Edith stood silent gazing in amazement at the wonderful shell that Jack had just taken from his lips. Then she asked wonderingly:

“Where on earth did you get that shell, and

in goodness name what does that sound mean?"

"The history of that shell is mystical to a degree almost passing belief. There is something occult in the power of that song. The shell does not sing to every one. Sometimes it will emit only the doleful toot of an ordinary conch, and then again, when the person listening be of the proper temperment, if the listener be of a wild and free disposition, then the shell will sing the wonderful song you have just heard. I will tell you its story and then you can judge of its strangeness for yourself.

"About ten years ago I was living on my uncle's ranch in New Mexico. I was of a daring and adventurous disposition and was living in a manner well calculated to gratify my love of adventure. I spent most of my time helping the cowboys in their work. It was a wild and glorious life, this life of the open air we were living. We rose even before the sun, and after a day full of wild rides and dangerous work, we tethered our horses and with only our blankets for a covering, our saddles for pillows, and the turf for a mattress, we slept under the stars.

"Near my uncle's ranch was a pueblo of the Navahoes, the cliff, dwelling Indians. These people were semicivilized and had, by means of barter and bargains with my uncle, established a feeling of friendship between themselves and my uncle and his men. I was very

fond of the Indians, and I can say without conceit that the admiration seemed and proved to be mutual. I spent a great part of my time in their adobe houses and ate many a savory dish of sagamite prepared by their squaws.

"Among them was an Indian named Anbushpo, a fine intelligent fellow, for whom I conceived a great affection.

"Many a day have I spent in Anbushpo's company. We hunted together, we fished together and rode together. In fact we became so attached to one another that we were seldom seen apart. I spent a great deal of my time in his house. Many a long evening, while the norther howled without, have I sat before a snug fire in Anbushpo's house and listened to his grandfather, an old wizened faced Indian tell the stirring legends of the old days before the white man came; tales full of passion, tales in which love and hate, courage and Indian treachery went hand in hand.

"This grandfather of Anbushpo's was a queer old fellow. He was a medicine man of very high rank and was in consequence much feared and respected by all the Indians.

"He always wore a great quantity of beads upon his rich blanket, and, at the waist, attached to a rattlesnake skin belt, by a thong of buckskin, hung this conch I have here. See, here is the hole where the thong was tied!

"Often when the old Indian had finished one of his legends he would put the conch to

his lips and blow softly. I could not then see what pleasure he could find in the unmusical sounds it emitted, but pleasure he did find and great pleasure too. His eyes would brighten until they seemed sparks of living fire set in his parchment-like face. He would sway from side to side keeping time to the beat of the sound. He would sit for hours at a time seemingly wrapt in the sound of that raucous sounding shell.

"One night he had told me more stories than usual of the old days. He had spoken with such fervor and animation that I had felt myself completely lost in the spirit of the old savage. I lived with him, hated with him, fought with him, and, I firmly believe I would have died with him had he commanded it. He seemed to know that I was completely in sympathy with him for he turned to me with blazing eyes and said:

" 'Son of the White Wolf's Pack, your heart is red! You shall hear the song of the White Eagle, the fairest lily that graced the waters of this earth, the fairest daughter of the red race. Not to many men has she sung and never before has her song rung in the ears of one of that accursed race, the robbers of the world, the white man.

" 'Listen, white boy, listen !' And putting the conch to his lips he blew. I started up in wonder for I heard what you have heard, the mystic song of the White Eagle, the song of the red man's fall and degradation. I sat

spellbound listening to the song. Even when it was finished I did not speak. The old man turned to me and said softly:

“You have heard the song of the White Eagle, you have heard the song of the prophetess. You shall hear her story. Many ages ago when the great sea that now is lost still was; when the waters of the earth were still full of game for the fishers and the arrows of the hunters did not rest, here in the land of the Navahoes dwelt the White Eagle. Wondrous beautiful she was, and wise, beautiful as the moon and wise as the Manitou for his daughter she was. Fair was her skin as a lily that grows in the sedges where the heron feeds its young. Beloved she was by the tribe, her wish was the law of a nation. Her voice was the voice of the spring spirit singing his love to the earth. Her eyes were like to the North Star to which men look for their guidance. Happy she was in the land of her fathers, beloved by all, but no man daring to woo her, for the Manitou’s daughter she was. Many the laws she made for the good of her people. Much was the good that she did. She lived and died for her people.

“Of the tale of her life I will speak not, of the tale of her death I will tell. Here on the shores of the sea lived the White Eagle, here on the shores of the sea died the White Eagle.

“When the mighty Manitou grew angry with her people for their sins, and their excesses she prayed for her people. When they

did not mend their ways she spoke to her people. Some of them hearkened and heard her, some of them murmured against her, and here on the shores of the sea fell the White Eagle slain by the people she loved. For a coward somewhere in the crowd that gathered to see and hear her, even as she spoke for the good of her people sped an arrow from his bow and slew the White Eagle. She fell and seizing a conch of the seashore she sang through the conch to her people.

"She sang of the coming of a White Wolf in canoes with wings like those of a wild swan: she sang of his coming, and going, and coming with more of his pack. She sang of the death of the red man, his trials and battles and defeats. She sang of the end of the red race when the land should be taken from them. She sang of the woes of the world, then turning she cursed all the people, and cursing them died the White Eagle.

"Her's is the song you have heard, white boy, this is the shell that she held. I have lived to see her prophecy proved, now I long to see the White Eagle.

"Never a white man has heard that song that sang in your ears today, never a woman has heard it. When a woman has heard, then the song shall die and never again be heard. The white man has heard the song and I go to join the White Eagle."

The old man ceased speaking. He moved his hand fumblingly among the folds of his

blanket and then quickly struck his breast. He fell forward, the blood streaming from a dagger wound in his breast. I sprang forward, raised him to his feet and strove in vain to stop the flow. The old man's eyes opened, his lips parted in a happy smile, he raised his voice in the death song of his tribe. He sang a few familiar notes, they were of the song of the White Eagle.

"His voice broke, he sighed, rose straight to his feet, tottered and fell limply back into his chair—dead.

"I took the conch and brought it home with me. I often amuse myself by blowing it and listening to the song of the White Eagle. There are very few people can hear it. Very few men and no—by Jove you are the first woman! I wonder if the old prophecy will be verified: I wonder if the song is dead!"

While Jack was speaking we turned to the table where he had laid the conch. It was gone. There was nothing there but some dust. We looked in amazement as together we saw the marvel, for there, showing clearly outlined against the dark wood of the table, formed of the dust of the conch, its wings spread as if it were looking down from the uppermost point of its giddy gyre, was the perfect figure of a White Eagle.

VIRGIL WEST.

THE RHYME OF THE CHRONIC LOAFER,

There's a worthless, trifling fellow in the school
Who is neither quite an imbecile or fool—
 But his friends, why he can work them,
 And his lessons, he can shirk them;
For at brazen, gally, cribbing he is cool—
He's a loafer, he's a shirker, he's a bluff;
He's the counterfeited image of a man,
And we find his lack of learning quite enough
To assert the truth of Darwin's cherished plan—
And it's loaf, loaf, loaf all the lazy day;
For its weary, weary working and its mighty hard to
 play,
 So its loaf, loaf, loaf,
 For the trifling, lazy oaf!
He is fit for nothing useful on gridiron, track, nor class.
 He's a sloucher in the ranks,
And his childish, foolish pranks
Proclaim him what the Englishmen so wisely call an
 ass.
He's a blot on the battallion on parade;
At inspection round his bed is never made.
Though he catch the very devil, he
Is never up at reveille;
And yet to face the music he's afraid.
He will throw a babywaker in the hall,
After taps when all is silent as the grave.
And if he's caught by lying he will crawl—
 Oh he's the very bravest of the brave;
So its loaf, loaf, loaf all the day and night.
Its a decent business sleeping and he might do what
 is right;
 So its loaf, loaf, loaf,
 The trifling, lazy oaf.

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He is fit for raising mischief but he isn't fit for class.
Whatever man may name him,
No one can ever blame him;
For no matter who may tame him, he will always be
an ass. E. B. K.

and and and and and and and

VIA CRUCIS,

Along the dreary path of life,
By ways of heart-hid tears,
Men wage the bitter cruel strife
Of hopes and biting fears.

The Golgotha of waiting years,
Loves Calvary of woe,
Hopes and regrets, soul-pain and fears
The heart's of all men know.

But far beyond the vale of strife,
The weary way above,
The true reward of faithful life,
Gleams fair the heaven of love.

ED. B. KENNA.

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS."

"If the tender, profound and sympathizing love practiced and recommended by Jesus were paramount in every heart, the loftiest and most glorious idea of human society would be realized, and little wanting to make this world a kingdom of Heaven."

KRUMMACHER.

It was a summer evening caught adream on the hills and the valley of Kanawha. The crescent moon peeped over the brow of the highest hill. The breeze sang a sibilant accompaniment to the iterated song of the night bird that told its love to its mate, in throbbing, passionate trisyllables.

From where the lights of the town shone like fireflies through the willows that border the bank, down by grassy fields again into the hearts of the hills, the river, a gleaming path of silver light leading through leafy hills, rippled by the soft caress of the night breeze, sang a lazy song of liquid beauty.

The moon rose higher, and the valley silvered by the argent pencil of night's artist, grew beautiful. From far down the stream there floated the sound of a rollicking boating song; from nearer, close under the sheltering bank, came the quiet ripple and plunge of oars used by hands well skilled in the art of rowing.

The boat darted out of the shadow of the hills into the gleam of the moonlight.

She was in the stern snugly ensconced in a nest of pillows. She was beautiful. There was that in her eyes which has made men brave and strong and true; the same mystic, wonderful force, that inestimable treasure, "the heart's fountain of perpetual youth," the futile quest for which has ruined the lives of many men, for her eyes were agleam with the light of love. The light of love was in her eyes, but on her cheek

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glistened a tear, and when she spoke, soft and musical though it was, there were tears in her voice.

She was leaning slightly forward, her chin in her hands, seeming in very truth the personification of sorrowful love.

"When I met you that night at the dance I felt that I would like you; that I would enjoy a flirtation with you such as I have often before enjoyed with other men. I thought that you would find me pretty, entertaining, a good dancer, in fact, a very presentable girl to rush, to pass the time of your vacation. I did not think that down under the gaiety and frivolity of your appearance and manner, there lay hidden like a priceless jewel in a case of gold, a heart so honest, so warm and true, so full of love, that I—Oh, I can't love you. I can not, and you must not love me!"

He stopped rowing and leaned forward toward her. He reached for her hand but she drew it from him. The silver drops of water ran gleaming along the oars, splashed into the dark river and were carried away to the sea.

"You can't love me?" he queried. "You can't love me? Do you mean to tell me that all the tender words you have spoken to me, words that sounded sweeter to me than the sweetest song of any bird, and filled my heart with a melody of such ineffable sweetness, that the singing spheres can voice no sweeter song, that all these words were untrue? Oh, don't chaff me, sweetheart, don't! You know that our love is true, you know that deep down in that pure heart of yours, like a dew drop in a rose's fragrant breast, is your love for me? Is it not so, sweetheart?"

The river swept lispingly on. The ripples lapped about prow and spread in dancing lines of waves that ran to tell the secret of the river to the shore. From far over the hills came the eer hoot of an owl.

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The girl shivered, and, dropping her face into her hands, sobbed passionately. He went to her as if to comfort her. She thrust him from her.

"Don't touch me!" she cried, "don't touch me! Don't come near me! Yes, I do love you, I love you. I love you more than I can ever tell you; but you, you can't love me. Hush, let me finish! Would you want the perfume of a flower that has known the dust of the road and the withering heat of the sun; would you want the love of a heart sullied and defiled, even though this love for you were the all of the love of this heart? Would you want such a love?"

The river ran silently on. Far off in the mellow distance a hound was baying, and from the hollow, borne on the wings of the lispig breeze came the plaintive cry of a whip-poor-will wailing for her mate.

He sat silently looking at her. Her tears fell, and like the pure drops of water from the oar, were swallowed up by the flood of the river, and carried silently onto the sea. He sat and looked, and his heart went out to her in great throbs of passionate, yearning, pitying love.

"Am I better than you? Have not I, like most men, sinned as grievously as you? Who am I that I should cast a stone? Shall I, who am infinitely worse than you, cease to love you? Come?"

He held his arms appealingly open to her. She came to him, and her tears, her sorrows, and herself were lost in his great love, as her tears were lost in the river. She wept on his shoulder, then turning her tear wet face up to his, the world with its troubles and ills, its woes and sorrows, faded away, and the bliss of heaven was theirs in the wild delirious ecstasy of that kiss.

The river ran carroling on to the sounding sea. The night wind sang a song of love; the owl had ceased its

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hooting, the whip-poor-will still called, but there was joy in its note, for from far in the heart of the moon-lit distance came the echoing answer of her mate.

W. V.

Editorial. ❀ ❀ ❀

THERE has been a laudable diminution in the number of hazing cases. The idea that it evidenced manhood and bravery for five or six old boys to buck a "rat" no larger than any one of the many persecutors has gone out of the heads of the boys and the passing of the custom is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Among the students of all reputable colleges hazing has been tabooed and every right spirited college man is glad of it. But because hazing is no longer in vogue is not a sign or invitation to "rats" and new boys to assume that they occupy any other position than formerly. It is wise for a person to know what he is doing before he acts. And so it is wise for new boys to wait long enough to get the hang of affairs before they start any great and much needed reforms. Such innovations may not suit the old fogeyish, and conservative ideas of the old boys, and the difference in views may cause unpleasant friction.



APPROPOS of new boys, some of the new students are ball players. From present prospects it looks as if the baseball team is going to be a "corker." There is more good material in school than ever before, and, if the fates are not unkind, the team of Horner's will make a mark whenever it clashes with a rival.



ARRANGEMENTS are already being made for the Inter-Collegiate Field and Track meet, which is to be

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held on these school grounds on April 20th. A gang of laborers are at work on the track now, and, when their work is done, we will have the best quarter mile foot-track in the state.



WE cannot as yet give a complete list of the competing colleges, but next month, we will try try to have a full list. It is to be hoped that every college in the state that can get out a track team will send its representative to the first annual meet. The benefits of track athletics are incalculable, and there is nothing so stimulating to the enthusiasm of the student body, nothing which will wake the athletes to the appreciation of the advantage of training, as the chance to compete against other colleges in a regular field and track meet. It is to be hoped that the entry list will be full and that records will be broken.

Sporting Notes.

The following program for the Program for the North Carolina Inter-Collegiate Inter-Collegiate contests in field and track athletics for the State championship, to be held in Oxford, April 20th, has been arranged:

120 yards hurdle, 3 p. m.

100 yards dash, 3:05 p. m.

$\frac{1}{4}$ mile foot race, 3:10 p. m.

One mile foot race, 3:20 p. m.

220 yards hurdle race, 3:40 p. m.

220 yards foot race, 4 p. m.

Running high jump, 4:10 p. m.

Putting 16 pound shot, 4:40 p. m.

Throwing 16 pound hammer, 5:10 p. m.

Running broad jump, 5:40 p. m.

Pole vault, 6:10 p. m.

One mile relay race, four men in each team, 6:10 p.m.

Locals.

Work is progressing rapidly on the track and by the 20th of April, the day appointed for the intercollegiate meet, Horner will be able to boast of the fastest quarter mile track in the State.

* * *

Will Bellamy did not return after Christmas but went to Chapel Hill where he will resume his studies. We wish him success.

* * *

Kerr Craige on account of sickness has not as yet returned. We hope he will soon be well enough to return.

* * *

"Casey" Turrentine has recently accepted a position with his father in Wilmington. He has our best wishes for success in his mercantile career.

* * *

Shannonhouse recently enjoyed a very pleasant visit from his mother Mrs. W. L. Shannonhouse of Hertford, N. C.

* * *

During the few days of cold weather the boys enjoyed some very fine skating on the ice pond near the school. Fortunately no accidents occurred.

* * *

Miss Grymes who held the position of matron here in 1892 has recently accepted the position again, Miss Faulcon having to give up the position on account of ill health. We regret of course seeing Miss Jennie leave but we are fortunate enough in having the place so ably filled.

* * *

Cadets Willey and Seagle spent Christmas vacation

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in barracks. They were invited out to a number of parties in Oxford and enjoyed themselves very much.

Miss Nina Horner of Converse College, Spartanburg S. C. spent vacation here.

J. G. Wood of Edenton came up on the 10th inst. and spent a few days with his son John.

Mr. Brack traveling salesman for Gilmer Bros., Winston, paid a visit to Bohannon and Hanes a few days ago.

So far the new boys who have arrived are Edmond, son of Goldsboro, Powell and Paterson of Whiteville.

The baseball team that Horner will put out this year will do credit to any institution, but the schedule published below will show the material that Horner will have to battle with in order to place old gold and purple on top. Prof. Oldham the manager has been untiring in his efforts to arrange games, and the boys at the school may expect to witness some very fine games of ball. Of course this is subject to change but the below will be about the schedule:

March 13, Guilford College at Oxford.

March 23, Trinity College at Durham.

March 31, U. N. Carolina at Chapel Hill.

April 6, Wake Forest College at Wake Forest.

April 7, A. & M. College at (undecided)

April 12, Oak Ridge at Oak Ridge.

April 14, Guilford College at Guilford College.

April 18, Oak Ridge at Oak Ridge.

April 28, Bellevue at Oxford.

Other dates with Wake Forest College, A. & M. College and Trinity expected.

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An unusual amount of interest is being taken in the coming season of baseball. In the school there is a plenty of material for a first-class team and by hard work on the field practice we can put out a good aggregation of ball players. With Kenna twirling and Oldham behind the plate no school could want a better battery.

* * *

Just between the seasons of football and baseball there is usually a lack of athletic spirit in the school, but at present when the weather permits the tennis courts are crowded with the lovers of the sport, and it has been so warm recently that some boys have been playing baseball, while on Saturdays many take gun and dog and go in quest of partridges in the neighboring hills, many being very successful.

* * *

Master Robert Winston, little son of Judge Winston, is with us.

* * *

As yet we have but few new-comers since Xmas holidays, but we expect many more between now and the opening of the Spring term, January 22.

* * *

We learn with regret that several of the cadets who went home Xmas will not return. We shall miss them greatly, especially Turrentine and Latham. The former our crack cinder path man and all round athlete, and the latter our football player, who so ably held down left end. We sincerely hope that they can be induced to return shortly.

* * *

Most all the cadets spent the Xmas holidays at their respective homes; in fact, but two remained at school. All report having had a most enjoyable time.

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WANTED--Six strong men to hold Edmundson still
for one minute. Apply to room No. 33.

* * *

- A stands for Armstrong, the boy with a beard,
Who plays such hard football he's much to be feared.
- B stands for Bears, of whom we had two,
The smaller of them wore quite a large shoe.
- C stands for Craig, tho' by no means a fool,
I am sorry to say has ears like a mule.
- D stands for Davis, our chipmunk so small,
Who stands high in his class tho' he's not very tall.
- E's Ed Seagle, who stands six feet four,
Sleeps with head on his pillow and feet on the floor.
- F's for Frank Willey of whom it is said
A cigar can be lit from the hair of his head.
- G stands for Glenn, our fat football man,
Who is always ready to do what he can.
- H stands for Hoffman, our Gus with a nose
That is easy to follow wherever he goes.
- I's for indifference, the tribute we pay
To our lessons and duties day after day.
- J stands for Jess Oldham, our friendly old foe,
Who makes us learn Latin whether or no.
- K stands for Kenna, our giant full back,
At pitching curved balls he has a great knack.
- L stands for Lichenstein, wonder so great,
Who with but one mouthful eats all on his plate.
- M stands for Moore, a hopeful cadet,
Whom the office of Captain may satisfy yet.
- N stands for "New Boy" whose real name is Rat,
Who often receives the broad end of a slat.

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O stands for "Old Boy," who thinks he knows all,
And the poor little rat knows nothing at all.

P is for Pennington natty and neat
Who, as the girls say, "is just too sweet."

Q stands for Quinerly, "O. D. the best,"
Who soaks right and left, and he does it with zest.

R stands for Rome Horner, our principal grand,
At managing school, he's the best in the land.

S stands for Smith who talks all the day
And its marvelons quite how little he'll say.

T stands for Turrentine, gritty and small
Who pushed on to victory the pigskin last fall.

U is for useless as these verses be
If those who are hit their faults do not see.

V stands for verity unknown to the sports
Who baffle the Major by denying reports.

W is for Warren, the literature,
Who someday in letters will (not) make a stir.

Let **X**, **Y** and **Z** stand for any old thing
For I think I can hear the the old dinner bell ring.
S. R.

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AUT DIGS, AUT NULLUS.

"Major Shirley—Don't you think my mustache becoming?"

Miss G—"It may be coming but it hasn't arrived yet."



Overhead at the last German:

Oxford girl—"How old do you think I am Prof. Craige?"

Prof. Craige—"Why. really I can't say, I have never made a study of antiquities."



Horner Winston's latest achievement—A love letter.



"Have you ever seen Prof. Oldham when his mouth was closed?"

"Yes, I saw him sing once."



Lost, strayed, or stolen. Georgie William Henry Ramond Preston Jarvis, of Jarvisburg. Left home about ten or twelve days ago enroute to Oxford. Was last seen in the vicinity of Richmond. Any knowledge of his whereabouts will be greatly appreciated. X. Y. Z.

A BEAUTIFUL GERMAN.

Seldom, if ever has the German Club of Horner's given a dance as much enjoyed as the one on Friday night, Jan. 19, 1900, and never has the interior of the brilliantly lighted barracks looked half as pretty. The occasion was the beginning of a new session. And after the worry and toil of the week's examination all entered into the spirit of the occasion with a zest, seldom manifested, everyone doing his utmost to make the occasion the happiest in the history of Horner's.

Colors of Old Gold and Purple, hung in graceful folds from the balconies and ceiling, added brilliance to the scene.

The ladies in beautiful evening dress and the cadets in full dress uniform presented a picture that will long be remembered by the many spectators who crowded the overhanging balconies.

Among the participants were:

Miss Meares, Maj. H. G. Shirley.
Miss Currin, Prof. E. B. Kenna.
Miss Tucker, Prof. Burton Craige.
Miss Skinner, Sergt. Maj. G. E. Pennington.
Miss Cannady, Sergt. H. A. Millis.
Miss Taylor, Sergt. E. H. Thompson.
Miss Jones, Cadet M. E. Staton.
Miss Britt, Sergt. T. H. Hill.
Miss B. Gregory, Cadet R. Y. McAden.
Miss Gregory, Dr. Davis.
Miss Shaw, Corp. G. W. Riddick.
Miss Smith, Corp. W. H. Lee.
Miss Carleton, Prof. J. W. Oldham.
Miss A. Cannady, Cadet J. P. Murphy.
Miss Thorpe, Cadet A. Cheshire.
Miss Williams, Corp. H. H. Philips.

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Miss S. Williams, Bugler J. B. Glenn.
Miss Kate Horner, Cadet J. G. Wood.
Miss Margaret Currin, Cadet F. M. Hanes.

STAGS.

Mr. Horner, of Henderson, N. C.
Mr. White, of Oxford, N. C.
Mr. Williams, of Oxford, N. C.
Mr. Landis, of Oxford, N. C.
Capt. A. T. Pritchard.
Sergt. A. H. Jones.
Cadet G. H. Hoffman.
Cadet S. Lichenstein.
Sergt. J. W. Jackson.
Sergt. W. S. Roulhac.
Cadet F. J. Farrar.
Cadet T. D. Meares.
Lieut. W. T. Blackwell.
Adj. T. Thomas.
Cadet A. H. Chatham.

CHAPERONS:—Mrs. Henry Hunt, Mrs. Coggshall,
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Christ Church Cathedral.
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RACINE BATH CABINET CO.: April 1st, 1899.

Having lately been victimized in purchasing a bath cabinet by depending on the pictures in circulars describing it, I send you the accompanying check with which to pay for one of your No. 1 Cabinets, which I shall have the privilege of returning to you, and securing return of the \$12.00 in case cabinet does not come up to descriptions, both of letter press and illustrations in your circular. If this proposition is satisfactory, please send me one No. 1 Cabinet, with face-steaming attachment, for which I enclose N. Y. check for \$12.00.

Yours very sincerely,
(REV.) GEO. GRANT SMITH.

Christ Church Cathedral.
Louisville, Ky..

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I take pleasure in stating that the bath cabinet ordered of you, which was received promptly and in good condition, not only came up to my expectations, but is all that I could ask. It is a marvel of convenience, and the material and workmanship are evidently of the very best. I agree with you in your claim that no better cabinet could be made at any price.

I purchased a few weeks before ordering of you a so-called folding cabinet which was really a collapsable steel frame, very unsteady, covered with enameled cloth, that is almost unusable; and I am more satisfied with the "Racine" than I was dissatisfied with the other.

The ease with which the "Racine" is made ready for use (in about fifteen seconds) and the equal ease and rapidity with which it may be folded renders it as convenient as a cabinet which does not fold; and when folded it requires such small space that it would never be in the way.

I should be happy to have you quote me, or refer me as one of the delighted owners of a "Racine" for its merits are such that it would always be a pleasure to extend its use.

Yours very sincerely,
(REV.) GEO. GRANT SMITH.

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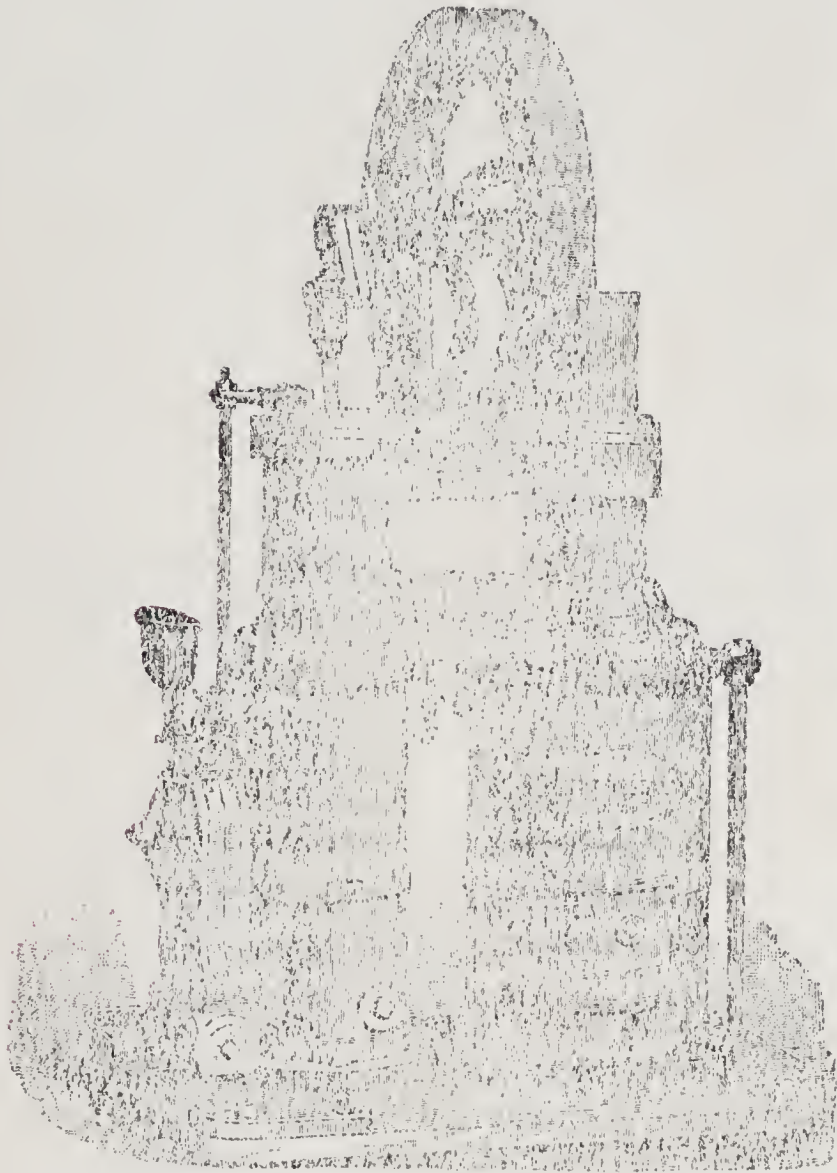
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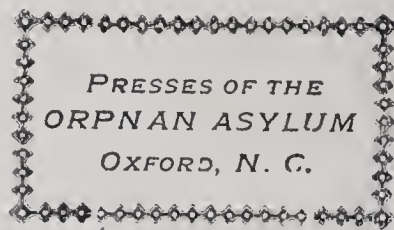
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